

The Blue Danube.

THE Danube River, immortalized in story and song, is 2,000 miles long and one of the most picturesque streams in the world. It flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. No other river can boast a record anything like this.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A NEW SERIAL BY A FAMOUS AUTHOR

David Follows Desiree and Helen in the Crowd and Further Increases His Admiration for the Former

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

(Author of many novels and one of the country's best-known writers of short stories.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.
"Excuse me, my dear, for bossing your chauffeur," Helen Goddard said after she had given her excited directions to David.

These directions had not been followed, however, until his employer's daughter had seconded them by:

"Yes, Smith—drive anywhere you think best. Only let us get there as soon as possible."

Then Desiree had leaned back and gazed straight ahead. She was more agitated by the turmoil about her than she would admit.

For the streets and avenues were rapidly filling with people. All were excited—numbers of them were laughing; some of them were crying.

"Desiree, I apologized to you just now," Helen said.

Desiree tried to smile, but her lips twitched nervously. "Oh—did you? What did you say? Ah—yes—remember—something about Smith, wasn't it?"

"I only asked your pardon for giving him an order."

"That's all right," her companion rejoined absent-mindedly.

"You see," Helen tried to explain, "he is so different from a regular chauffeur that I answered his suggestion as to where we should go just as if he had been a man I really knew. I should think you would forget that he is an employee. He has such lovely manners that he is a real puzzle to me."

"Do not let him puzzle you too much," Desiree advised dryly. "Really, while Smith's manners are good, he is hardly such a wonder as your comments would seem to indicate."

She seems a mystery.

"Well, I am sure there is something mysterious about him," Helen Goddard declared. "I made up my mind to that some time ago. I wondered then if you had noticed it."

"Noticed what?"

"Oh—only that he has an air about him," Helen replied.

"Most people have an air of one kind or another about them," was

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Told a White Lie.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
About a year and a half ago I met an officer in the navy who had been in the navy every time his ship docked in New York. The last time he was in he wanted to see me a certain evening, but as I was going to a party with another young man I told him I had another engagement for that evening with my mother (a white lie). We parted the best of friends.

Instead of his ship coming in at New York as it usually does, it came in at Boston. He has been in Boston for a week and a half and I have not heard from him.

Do you think I ought to write to him and find out the reason why he has not written to me? Like this young man very much and feel hurt that I do not hear from him.

P. G. D.

It will be quite proper for you to write to the young officer a jolly letter saying you were sorry his ship did not come to New York, as usual, and you will be glad to see him. Personally I do not think the white lie had anything to do with his non-appearance, as he is probably in ignorance of your peccadillo.

Question of Jealousy.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
Through business I met a young man and we became friends. He extended numerous invitations to which I accepted. Suddenly and without apparent reason there seemed to be a misunderstanding. It so happened that I had an opportunity to better myself in a new position. I accepted it. I had decided to try and find the cause of the trouble and after a plain talk with him discovered it to be jealousy on his part.

After all explanations had been made and cleared up. But it seemed that he was not yet convinced he had no cause to be jealous. Now, Miss Fairfax, I have learned to love him and I am sure he will be happy to get in touch with him without cheapening myself in his eyes? He has my address, but I have never heard from him. I will appreciate any advice you may have to give.

Apart from the assumption on your part that nothing is the matter and you are as good friends as ever, it is difficult to offer a suggestion. Young men frequently indulge in fits of pique of this kind, and one has to let these little tantrums wear themselves out before getting back on the old friendly footing. As he is evidently harboring some sort of grievance, I think that without loss of dignity you might write him a letter and ask him to come to see you.

Twenty Is Young.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
An eighteen and an old going with a girl about the streets and a young man want her to get married within the next two years. As I am young and making a reasonable thing, it is proper for me to get married in the next two years?

Twenty seems very young for a boy to marry these days, particularly as the barest living expenses have increased so tremendously, that it is doubtful if you could make enough to support a wife.

You are only eighteen now, and very probably the type of girl who is now congenial would not interest you when you are older.

Never Put All Your Goods in the Front Window—They May Fade



Magazine Page



Oh, Yes! There's Something New Under the Sun

These Parasols, for Instance, Reflect a Departure from the Staid Models of Other Summers

In both France and England there seems to be a disposition for society to adopt the new and startling. These photographs were taken at fashionable gatherings, and show the parasol in a new guise as to shape and decoration. The odd shape in the picture to the right, vies with the unique decorations in the one to the left in a contest for originality.



The photograph at the left was taken at the Ascot races. That at the right at the London aerial meet.



Photos by Underwood & Underwood.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"Doodle, doodle, doo, The Princess lost her shoe; The fiddler stopped, and said, 'No knowing what to do.'"

HERE was a pretty state of things, and if Puss Junior hadn't found the little shoe, I don't suppose Her Highness would have danced again. The fiddler ever have played any more.

Well, Puss Junior bowed very low as he handed the little slipper to the Princess, and then she caught him up in her arms and commenced dancing around while the fiddler played until he broke one of his strings and had to stop, and, perhaps it was just as well, for Puss Junior was all out of breath, and the little Princess was as rosy as a rose.

Then the King came in and said, "Whom have we here?" "Puss in Boots, Junior, your Highness," answered our little traveler, bowing very low. And the King said, "I will make you a Knight, my good Sir Cat, for you have found my little daughter's slipper. You shall be 'The Knight of the Silver Slipper.' This pleased Puss tremendously, for ever since meeting Sir Launcelot of the Laik, our little hero had longed to be a Knight. And now at last he was one!

And after that a great banquet was spread and when this was over, the King asked Puss to tell one of his adventures.

"I'm not much of a story teller," began Puss Junior, curling his whiskers as he tried to think of something that would interest the royal audience, "although I have met with many an adventure in my travels."

"Once, when I was riding on my good horse, I came through a little wood," I was halted by a little fairy, and thinking it a joke on the part of my small highwayman I laughed at his boldness. Whereupon he blew on his horn and immediately I was surrounded by myriads of fairies, and before I could escape, I and my good gray horse were bound hand and foot.

"I know not what would have become of me had not three woodsmen run to my rescue and cut the cords. That night, on reaching an inn, the host told me that once before, many years ago, a traveler had

been held up in those same woods by the fairies."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the King, "I have heard of Robb Hood and his merry men doing deeds of this kind, but never have I heard of fairies who acted thus!"

Puss Junior grinned and curled his whiskers again. "But there is more to my tale," he said. "That very night they stole my good gray horse from the inn stable and I took me a precious time before I regained him."

"Had the innkeeper not lent me his bicycle, I never would have overtaken him; but all's well that ends well," Puss rose and bowed to his royal audience, who cried "Long Live Puss in Boots, Junior, Knight of the Royal Slipper!"

In the Philippines.

In 1917 the Philippine Islands experienced two typhoons, while one hundred and fifty earthquakes were reported from different parts. The damage done was slight and the casualties few. They were not so fortunate in Formosa, where two destructive typhoons were experienced in July and August, and two in Japan in October. The appearance of the water hyacinth is reported from several places in the Philippines, and the Secretary of Agriculture reports that, unless legislation provides for its destruction wherever found, all still or sluggish waters will soon be impassable to raft or logs, and even river steamers. The necessity for increasing the working establishment in the forests of the Philippines, if forest produce is to be preserved, is becoming an urgent necessity, and it is pointed out that in Java, Japan and British India, forest officers are employed to a much larger extent than in the Philippines.

Paint spilled on a doorstep is most unsightly, and is often rather difficult to remove. In that case make a strong solution of potash and wash the step, leaving the solution to soak in. In a short time the paint will become soft and can be washed off with soap and water. Then use cold water. Paint which has been left on for some time will yield to this treatment.

The Rhyming When Milady Optimist Stays in Town

By Aline Michaelis.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL GIRL
MAISIE was a charming creature in her temperamental way, for her mamma used to teach her she was not of common clay. Maisie could not bear the rabble and the proletariat, though for hours she'd sit and gabble to a monkey and a cat. Maisie's soul was clad in henna; leastways, so far Maisie said, and she spoke to her duenna of an aura 'round her head. Certain colors made her weary, and still others made her faint. She was always very puffy with the people who say "ain't." Maisie felt she had a mission, and she waited for the call; malds of nasty disposition said this was just a stall. First she thought she'd be a poet, but her verse made folks quite sure it were best for her to stow it, or to take some sort of cure. Paining with her next endeavor, cabbages and kings and sith; she'd one draw-back—one could never tell exactly which was which. And while this was going on, she'd been lately called; malds of nasty disposition said this was just a stall. 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